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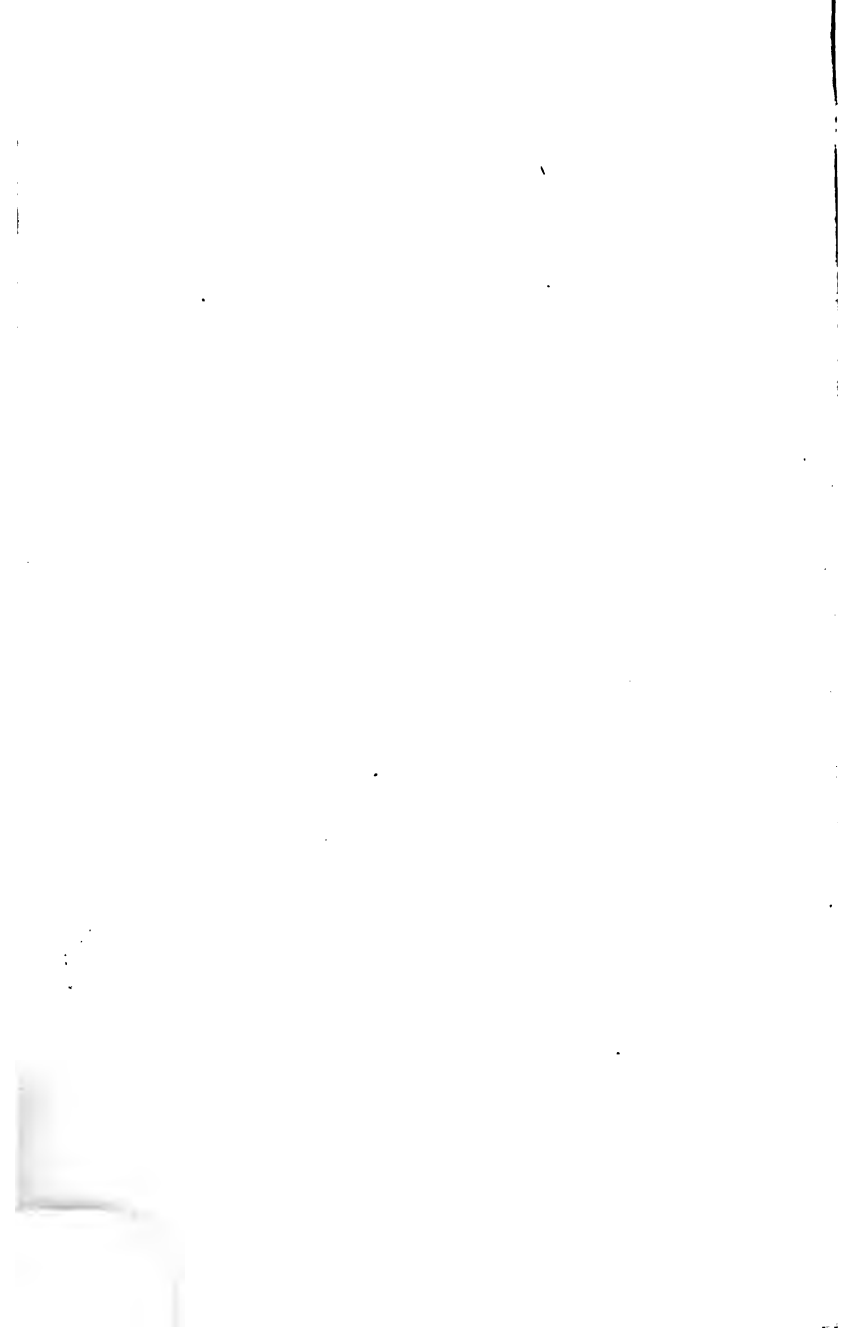
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THE FINAL STAR



The Final Star

POEMS

By

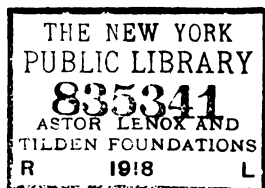
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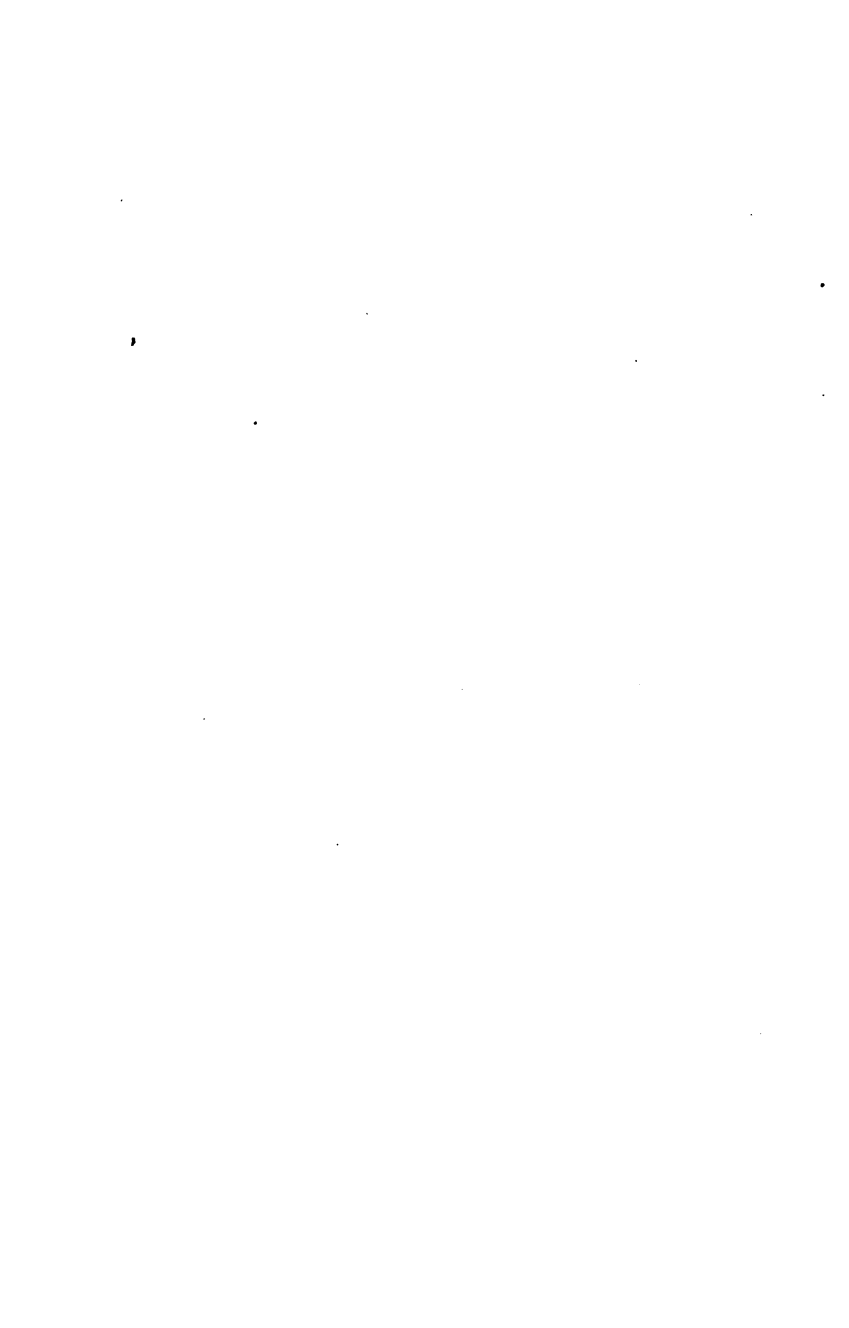
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ASCRPTION

TO THEODORE ROOSEVELT

TO HIM WHOSE COURSE NO TYRANT FEAR CONTROLS;
LEADER, INSPIRER, FRIEND OF NOBLE SOULS.

J. T. Wright 9 May, 18



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THE FINAL STAR



THE FINAL STAR

MEN, holding mastery over steel and stone,
Dreaming of gain alone,
Raise giant towers in challenge to the sky,
And set proud lights on high.
Beauty they seek not; but her royal sway
Returns like conquering day.

On cold, dark shafts, where shrouding vapor clings,
Her iris veil she flings,
Giving them tender outlines, many-hued,
In the air's solitude.
Those mighty temples, set for sordid power,
Wait on her changing hour,
And wear, in pageants of the day and night,
Her variant robes of light;
They worship, as at heaven's very bars,
Her priestly, marching stars;
And in her velvet darkness musing stand
To guard her magic land.

Time is her friend, and wills not to destroy
Her morning gleam of joy.
Ruin itself reads laughter in her eyes,
And finds a fairer guise.
All crafts, all projects, but her vassals are,
And she their final star.

THE INTERPRETER

YOU being gone, how should I find your mate
For gentle thought and brave imaginings—
Insight, and subtle fancy, to translate
The speech and soul of pure and tender things?

How should the forest set its music free,
Lacking the wood-thrush with his silver call?
So should I miss the fair earth's minstrelsy
Without your song, your heart, to voice it all.

THE RUSSIAN COMPOSERS

THESE are the sorcerers, who in one song's
space

Can bring the ancient wizardry of the earth—
Dim, savage, primal, passionate—to rebirth
In sinuous, thronging shapes of violent grace.

Old war-cries waken as the march goes by;
New paths are riven by those storming feet;
And through the thunders, mounting high and
sweet,

Love sends the magic of its tender cry.

Their soul is of a people fierce and bowed,
A great dumb spirit struggling into song,
With uncouth joys, with moan of age-old wrong,
And hope—a wild star flaming from a cloud.

These are the sorcerers, who with lifted hand
Can show the new earth's promise, in one gleam--
The forward striving and the beckoning dream,
The red dawn stealing on a night-bound land.

THE CITY AND THE SEA

STRUCK like a blur of gold across the night,
A stretch of quivering light,
Shines the gay city by the sombre sea,
Flaunting her splendor to the very edge
Of that dim, pulsing, far-spread mystery;
Cutting the darkness with her gleaming wedge,
And flinging to his vastness, face to face,
The futile challenge of her insolent grace—
Her tawdry crown, her fleeting sovereignty.
Round her bright robe his swirling waters spin,
And crouched in mockery, fain to rend or greet,
With leonine murmur the strong tides creep in,
As fawning to her dancing, glittering feet.

Ever to pierce his changing mood she strives,
His scornful, turbulent pride, his soul indrawn;
She, foster-mother of uncounted lives,
He, guardian of life's dim portentous dawn,
Hoary, yet ever young;
Mate of the ancient midnight, lord of days
Past memory—unimagined and unsung—

When the vast waters parted from the lands
In hissing trails of mist, and through the haze
Eyes of stupendous creatures shone like stars.

There, vaguely, with her shifting brood, she stands,
Wistful, behind the bars
That shut her soul from his; and he, at play,
Touches her shores with long white wandering
hands,
Then draws them back along the shining sands,
Musingly, day by day;
Or, answering to the sudden tempest, breaks
In spume of giant wrath, and rearing, shakes
Around her trembling pageantry of light
The thunders of his old unconquered might.

THE FLIGHT OF MAN

LO, on the bare and pathless sky is cast
The shape of mighty wings; in spaces bright
The air yields place to man's Titanic flight,
Companion of the cloud and of the blast.

Oh, for the eyes that watched the skylark spring
From earth to heaven, a line of song and fire;
Oh, for such lips of tuneful power, to sing
The starward flash of man's supreme desire!

THE CHARM INVINCIBLE

UPHOLD me on the danger-crest of life,
O Mother City! Clasp me in thine arms;
Enthral me with thy wild compelling charms;
Sting me with rapture, buffet me with strife.

Lure and repel me; snatch my heart to thee;
Fling me the challenge of thy restless eyes;
Now let me hate thee—then with swift surprise,
Love thee again, and nevermore be free.

Through the pure quiet of the great still nights
Thy life breaks out,—thy harsh reverberant songs,
The pulsing cadence of thy tramping throngs,
The opulent glitter of thy myriad lights.

My heart is lifted on thy buoyant tides,
Thrilled by thy cries of revelry and woe.
The far hills call me, but I may not go;
The woods invite me,—but thy spell abides.

So let me know thy blessing and thy ban,
And find my soul reflected in thy face;
For all the secret of thy passionate grace
Is but the magic of the heart of man.

MOTHERHOOD

FLESH of my flesh, and made of me,
Surely forever must you be
Mine—mine alone!
Drawn from my being, fathoms deep,
On the dark surface of my sleep
Your spirit shone.

Look on me, look! What questions come
To which your tender lips are dumb,
What burning doubt!
I feel your calm eyes challenge me,
As from your new life's sovereignty
Your soul looks out.

The years will lure you from my day;
I cannot follow on your way,
I faint and fail.
Flesh of my flesh, yet brought from far,
I trace to some great alien star,
Your being's trail.

Oh, lean to me, still weak and dear!
For this brief space I hold you near,
A flickering light.
Till from these arms your life is drawn,
And once again your radiant dawn
Breaks from my night.

YOUTH SPEAKS TO AGE

YOU who forget, blind with the mist of years,
The path you trod, whereon we follow after;
Whose eyes no longer glisten with quick tears,
Whose lips no longer laugh for love of laughter—
You to whom sorrow is a crown of pride,
Who bear the scars of strife, the mark of fire,
Think you that we, still groping and untried,
Know not the anguish nor the lost desire?

Ours is the burden of the languorous Spring,
The spur of longing, and the nameless pain;
Ours are the hopes that rend, the joys that sting,
The age-long memories born in us again;
The deep amaze, when love's great visions die,
When faith's vast promise falters from the goal;
Ours is the birth-pang and the human cry,
The brand of life, that burns through flesh to soul.

You who can see beyond the lessening years,
You who are past the passion and the sorrow,
Think how too oft a shrouding veil of tears
Hides from our eyes the peace that dawns to-morrow.

Grudge not to us the sudden flash of hope,
The morning dance of joy, the flame of flowers,
Till those long rays that touch the darkening slope
Bring to our hearts the calm of fading hours.

AGE CALLS TO YOUTH

AGE calls to Youth
With a low, longing cry:
"Dear wingèd feet,
Pass not so lightly by!
Dear lips of laughter,
Eyes of morning light,
Flowers of life and love,
Lamps of our coming night,
Wells of remembrance
Of our happier days,
Turn to us, love us,
Brighten to our praise!"

And Youth stops the flying dance,
Standing poised awhile,
Just for one backward glance
And a fleeting smile!

LARGESSE OF THE MOON.

THE moon goes dreaming through the night,
Nor ever seems to know
Of that vast miracle of light
Spread on the sea below,—
That path whereon all hearts may go,
Each to its own delight.
The dreaming moon seems not to know
Her soul's gift to the night.

THE FLIGHT AND THE PASSING

I HAVE risen to the verge of cosmic space;
The infinite Light has touched the edge of my
wing;

I have looked over the round rim of the world,
As it circled my magic flight.

The fields and the rivers have vanished,
And the cities have melted away beneath me;
For an instant they sparkled like jewels,—
Then the white ocean of cloud rolled over them,
Making a sea-path for my burning keel.

The wind has struck me and stung me,
And laughed, and sung in my ears, and flung away;
Returning now in wrath, it buffets and rocks me,
And eddies in whirls about my swaying flight.
Eyes look out of the infinite waste of blue,
And pierce me with mockery!
The cold is a living thing,
To cling about me, and press me,
And drive the life in me back to my burdened
heart.

Lifting—lifting—I go from verge to verge,
Till mists of mighty wings are beating around
me,

And I hear their music arise, a deep diapason,
And feel the Presences of space.

The great angels are jealous!
They who guard the flight of the eagles,
And tread the paths where only the winds have
run.

They have drawn the air from beneath me.
And made vast chasms under my fragile wings.
. . . . I drop—I fall!
The eddies suck me down to the depths of air. . . .
They are lifting, with giant hands,
The soul away from my flesh.

Lo—now there are wings no longer,
No longer the clamor of flight,
Nor the rush of wind,
Nor the terror.
Wings and body are flung like wandering leaves,
Rocking and swaying through billows of yielding
mist,
To the cruel breast of the waiting earth!

But I stay—I lift—I lift—I
Arms under me—eyes above me—
Warm, warm and still—I lie—
And drift—and drift away—
Into infinite rest.

A TOAST

HERE'S to the old Earth, and here's to all that's
in her,
To the soil of her, and the toil of her, and the
valiant souls that win her;
To the hope she holds, and the gift she grants, her
hazards and her prizes,
To the face of her, and the grace of her, and all
her swift surprises.

Here's to her mighty dawns, with rose and golden
splendor;
To the heights of her, and the nights of her, her
Springs and their surrender;
Her storms and her frozen seas, and the mystic
stars above her,
The fear of her, and the cheer of her, and all the
brave that love her.

Here's to her valleys warm, with their little homes
to cherish;
The gleam of her, and the dream of her, and the
loves that flower and perish;
To her cities rich and gray, with their stern life-
chorus ringing,
The noise of her, and the joys of her, and the
sighs beneath the singing.

Here's to her endless youth, her deaths and her
reviving;
The soul of her, and the goal of her, that keeps her
ever striving;
Her little smiling flowers, and her comforting grass
and clover,
And the rest of her on the breast of her, when
striving days are over.

Here's to the old Earth, with all her countless
chances;
The heart of her, and the art of her, her frowns
and tender glances;
With all her dear familiar ways that held us from
the starting;
Long might to her! And good night to her, when
the hour is struck for parting.

THE EYES OF LOVE

BLIND souls, who say that Love is blind!
He only sees aright;
His only are the eyes that find
The spirit's inner light.

He lifts, while others grope and pry,
His gaze serene and far;
And they but see a waste of sky
Where Love can see the star.

THE CRY OF THE WOMAN

MARY, Mother, hearken and heed!
Heed thou the woman's cry!
Thou who hast seen thy Dearest bleed,
Looked on Him in His bitter need,
Helplessly standing by!

When our children plead and moan,
When the small hands clasp our own,
When to tender heart and brain
Strikes our heritage of pain,
And we strive in vain to share
All their weaker flesh must bear—
Mary, Mother, hearken!

When they tread the pathway sore
Where our feet have toiled before;
When the stress of storm and woe
Lays their power and beauty low;
When their lives are lost and spent,
Stained with sin, and passion-rent—
Mary, Mother, hearken!

When the tongues of strife give cry,
And our sons go out to die;
When the crucial hour must come

And the lips of love are dumb,
And the touch of love is vain
On the cold hands clenched in pain—
Mary, Mother, hearken!

Mary, heed thou the woman's cry!
Mother, listen and hear!
Thou who hast seen thy Dearest die,
Under the darkened noonday sky,
Dauntlessly standing near!

THE LETTER

THIS is my message, that shall reach you, dear.
When I have fled away. Now, in full life,
Vibrant to joy and grief, to love and strife,
I look toward death and dark, to bring you near.

Some words there are, too tender and too deep
For any speech or song that love may know;
Borne are they from the spirit's underflow
On those ethereal tides that move in sleep;

Strange calm replies to some obscure demands
Of love, not voiced by any lips that live;
Light, pure caresses, which we long to give,
Yet may not with the touch of fleshly hands.

These would I send you when I stand arrayed
In death's pale robing of auroral light,
When my far speech falls like the dew of night
Out of the silence where all songs are made;

When all my looks are stars; when my soul's word
Is precious to your soul,—then shall you hear
Of all that made you great to me and dear,
And know the waveless deeps your life has stirred.

Then to your inmost vision shall be bared
Our hidden nearnesses; the high desires
That rose in each, and met in subtle fires;
The wordless dream, the hope that we have shared.

This is my message, framed with tenderest art
To wait the magic of the coming night;
And for my writing Death shall hold the light,
And for your reading shall unveil my heart.

THE DREAMS DENIED

OUR lives are molded by the things we miss.
Not by Love's answering eyes, not by his kiss,
But by Love's hunger do we learn Love's bliss.

Our growth must answer to the swell and strain
Of thew and sinew toward the ultimate gain;
The warrior's worth is measured by his pain.

Upward our hopes are flung, like tongues of fire.
The dreams denied unendingly aspire;
The soul must take the shape of its desire.

A MOTHER

SON, throned upon my knee—
Son, ruling in my heart!
I am fulfilled in thee,
Knowing no life apart.

If on the rocking wave
Thy little bark must drown,
There must I find a grave—
There must my soul go down.

Into thy being tossed,
With thee I fail or win;
Saved in thy strife, or lost,
Mine is thy very sin.

Thy nobleness, thy power,
Shall lift me to their grace;
My life is but thy dower,
And thine my dwelling-place.

Son, throned upon my knee,
Thine am I to destroy;
Oh, be thou great for me—
Build me a deathless joy!

PEACE

A MAN wished for peace,
And flung away the sword which was given
to his hand;
Then Evil came as if to smite him;
But it smote him not.
It smote instead the little children who had crept
under his shadow,
And the woman he had sworn to guard,—
The old, the helpless, the innocent.
So the man stood alone among ruin and sorrow.
He stood at peace;
But war and bitterness were in his soul.

A man wished for peace;
And he held the sword before him
As a pillar of cloud and fire;
And as it moved it made light around him;
And the little children crept into the circle of light.
And when Evil came against him the man struck
with all his power,
And they closed in mortal strife.
The sword drank blood,
And Evil slunk away vanquished;
But the man fell.

Then the helpless ones looked on him with shining
eyes;
The Future looked on him in their eyes,

And love and hope and beauty were saved.
And the man's soul went out in a deep peace.

THE RESURRECTION

A LIGHT comes up in the eastern sky:
"Now what have we to do with day?"
(The grief-struck Galileans say)—
"We who have seen the Master die.
We cannot face the bitter morrow;
Ah, let us sleep for sorrow!"

The light is dim in the pallid sky:
"Now what have we to do with sleep?"
(The sad eyed women sigh, and weep)—
"We saw our Best-Belovéd die;
Let us go forth and meet the morrow,
Who cannot rest, for sorrow!"

The light grows in the reddening sky:
"Now what hath He to do with death?"
(Hear what the shining angel saith!)
"Look not for Him 'mong those who die;
Haste ye and see!"
—The dawn flames wide,
He stands at Mary's side!

VERDUN

VERDUN, city of sorrow!
With her war-swept, blackened spaces,
Her crumbled, poor home-places
Whence all her children fled;
With her streets that know no tread
Save that of her worn defenders,—
City of mournful splendors,
Stern and lovely and tragic,—
She shall be clothed with magic.
Who bears her scars upon his breast
Happy is he!
And as a shrine forever blest
Her walls shall be.

Verdun, city of thunder,
City of flame,—
As the sound of a host singing
Shall be her name;
The sound of a great host singing,
The tread of a marching mass,
The call of a great cry ringing—
"They shall not pass!"
For through the strife that tore her
The sword of France before her
Lay like a golden bar;
And in the night of the nations
She is a star.

THE CATHEDRAL

From the French of Edmond Rostand

THEY could but grant thee more immortal grace,
And endless life,—the ghouls that ravaged
thee;

Ask Phidias, ask Rodin, if souls that see
Thy ruins, shall not know thy radiant face.
The shattered fort must perish from its place;
The riven Temple lives more gloriously;
And lifted eyes find heaven itself set free
From prisoning stone, beyond the fretted space.

We render thanks! We lacked what Greece had
known,

Her golden columns crushed and overthrown,
But made more sacred by man's harsh intent.

Thanks for the gift the insensate cannon won;
Our foes' dark skill has left a monument,
For them a Shame—for us a Parthenon!

AMERICA TO BELGIUM

YOU who are bound with dragging chains,
Numbed and seared with a thousand pains,
Flung in the trail of the foe's mad lust,
Pressed by the goad of his dark desire;
You whose sword was a lightning thrust,
You whose heart was a shield of fire—
By your broken blade, by your shining deed,
Pity us, pray for us, you who bleed!

We who have seen and praised your power,
Yet stayed our hand in your crucial hour;
We who have lost, through sordid fears,
The lifted spirit, the singing breath,
The gift and guerdon of nobler years,
The eyes that see beyond woe and death—
Your palm and crown have passed us by;
Pray for us, pity us, we who die!

We who have known the splendid dream,
We who have watched its fading gleam,
What shall bring us the kindling word,
Free us from blindness, smite us with dread? •
Though, by your glory and anguish stirred,
Humbly we bring you our dole of bread—
Greater the gift your soul can give;
Cry to us, waken us, you who live!

THE VICTORY

THE great, broken Victory,
With mighty wings and breast,
Back-flowing robes, and light
Feet that are touched with flight;
The white, moving Mystery,
Eternally storm-pressed—
Ah, what is she?

I watch her royal pose,
Her strong wings backward beating,
And her proud bosom, meeting
A wind that harshly blows;
And the heart within me cries
For sight of those lost eyes!
How all the might of her
Would gather in their gaze,
And all the light of her
Flame in their morning-rays!

But, as I watch, I see
My dream take form!
Above the wings' wide grace,
Against the burning blue,
Grows dimly into view
A white ecstatic face,
With listening look intent
In the deep heedful eyes,
As one, with force unspent,
Who hears wild thunders rise,
And meets the storm!

The great, living Victory,
With mighty wings and breast,
With passionate conflict stressed,
And that high, visioned face
Wrought in supernal space,
Ah, who is she?

Steadfast, yet gracious; fleet,
And magically strong,—
Hers are the venturing feet,
Hers are the lips of song,
And hers the starry glance—
The flaming soul—of France!

ENSLAVED

WHO is enslaved? Belgium? Never—
She who stood to her soul's endeavor!
The crown of her King is a light forever.

Who is enslaved? Belovéd France,
With her steadfast heart and her upward glance?
Her every son has a man's high chance.

Who is enslaved? England? No!
With her mighty gesture, strong and slow,
And her face like flint to the savage foe.

What of America? Slaves are we!
Shackled on land and scorned at sea.
O God of hosts! Set Thy people free—

Free to choose, and free to stand,
Free to answer our soul's demand—
To strike with a swift, unfaltering hand!

Here is the sword, keen as of old,
Straight as a beam of morning gold;
Shall it fall away from our listless hold?

Who but we should right the wrong—
Stand with the true, fight with the strong?
Come, my Land, with a cry and a song!
America!

THE ANSWER

THERE is one answer to all dreams of ease—
Belgium!

One answer to the Teuton's cunning pleas—
Belgium!

One test and touchstone for all hearts that feel;
One word that is a stroke of steel on steel,
A stroke whose clangor sets a long note ringing
That falls upon our ears like distant singing.

One word for you who say the strife must cease—
Belgium!

Justice to her must hold the key of peace—
Belgium!

And you who clamor that our cry should be
Not love of country, but Humanity,
Have you not heard it, as you pass unheeding?
Humanity! In her the world lies bleeding!

Not she alone the dark decree must know—

Belgium!

The first in that great sisterhood of woe,

Belgium!

She speaks, my Country, with your own lost dead;

She brings one answer to your shrinking dread;

Draw now your sword, and set the clear stroke ring-
ing

That falls upon our hearts like mighty singing!

Belgium!

THE FLAG IS UP

THE flag is up!

The symbol again of liberty,

Again of justice,

Again of power;

O flag of mine,

This is once more your hour!

What have you been to me

Within these bitter years?

Flouted on land and sea,

An outworn sign, a mockery,

A thing of shame and tears!

The dreamers have sung to you,

Flaunted you as of old,

Hailed you—as a tale oft told

Whose meaning is gone;

Suddenly now in a new dawn

The hearts of millions of men
Have awakened and sprung to you;
O flag of mine,
They know you again!

Under your very folds
Little children have died,
Whom you should have sheltered;
Men and women have sighed
In helpless despair,
And you—you—have mocked them there!
We took your glory away—
The sword of righteousness,
Your old and dear companion,
That only could shield and bless;
We left you the sport and prey
Of the winds at play—
The dupe and the hissing scorn
Of men without truth or pity;
And the blood that left a stain
Was the blood of the innocent, slain
In many a Belgian city,
(Where every broken stone is a tomb of the brave),
The helpless, that even your shadow—
O sword!—O flag of mine!—
Would once have been strong to save.

But now you are lifted up,
The symbol again of mercy,

Again of justice,
Again of power.
You shall lead a host
Against ruthless and bitter wrong,
A host—the ranks of God—
Millions on millions strong;
And you shall defend a fortress,
A fortress of right,
Where a sword shall be lifted high
In God's own light,
Against a dark besieging mass;
And where you fly—
Flag—flag of mine—
They shall not pass!

EDITH CAVELL

ENGLAND, be glad of her, as she was glad
Of life that ended so, in fullest bloom
Of perfect giving. This at least she had—
The old-time splendor of heroic doom.

Not to all women comes so rich a grace,
To find at peril's height the ultimate good,
And grant thus to their country and the race
The fearless force of their strong womanhood.

So, be her death remembered—and not less
Her life of ministry to friend and foe;
Her soul shall be a song, to lift and bless
The records of an immemorial woe.

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A THANKSGIVING

NOT for our harvest,
Our fields' increase,
Not for our safety,
Our vaunted peace,
Our word-clad justice,
Our light-flung gift,
But for hearts that waken,
For dreams that lift—
We praise Thee, O God!

For Belgium's sword
That faltered never,
For the splendid woe
Of her lost endeavor;
For the great free peoples
In grim advance,
For the might of England,
The light of France—
We praise Thee, O God!

For Italy's flower
Of fearless youth;
For Russia's waking
From dream to truth;
For the flame of Serbia
That mounts in death,
The fire that fails not
With blood and breath—
We praise Thee, O God!

For dull ease broken
By sharpest dole,
For the dart that is driven
Through flesh to soul;
For wrath made sterner
By right's eclipse,
For brave songs breaking
From pain-wrung lips—
We praise Thee, O God!

For faith that is born
From the burning nest,
For the spirit's flight
On its starward quest,
For peace that dwells
At the heart of strife,
For death that scatters
The seed of life—
We praise Thee, O God!

GERMANY

O LAND of music and of dream,
Your songs are dead!
O morning-rose, O twilight-gleam,
Forever fled!
Now, through your thunder-cloud of wrath,
We see but frenzy's aftermath—
Stark ruin following every path
Your legions tread.

Was this your dream—a baleful light
In stormy space?
Your soul—a threatening shape of blight,
With hate-wrung face?
What madness moves you, to rejoice
In women's woe—in terror's voice?
Is this the music of your choice,
Your song of grace?

Now from your shattered flutes we hear
A long, harsh cry,
The note of passion and of fear,
That will not die;
And ever, on the desolate sea,
Your shamed and haunted ships must flee
Child-faces, floating silently
Under God's sky.

IN NO-MAN'S LAND

IN No-Man's Land, where every tree
Is tortured from its gracious guise,
In stark and twisted boughs we see
Three phantom crosses rise;
One is the cross of children slain,
And one the cross where heroes died,
And one the royal throne of pain
Of Christ the Crucified.

In No-Man's Land, where now no more
To earth's scarred fields the grasses cling,
Three thorn-boughs lie across that door
That shuts us from the Spring;
And one is blossoming pure and white
As children's breasts; and one drips down
With blood of heroes in the fight;
And one is Christ's own crown.

In No-Man's Land, where threatening night
Is kinder than the dreadful day,
Three roses yet shall bloom in light
Along the desolate way;
All white and red the twain shall spring,
Of innocence and courage born;
The third Lord Christ himself shall bring
On Resurrection Morn.

THE AIRMAN

I WAS born for open spaces,
Which the wandering tempest fills;
Not for me the secret places
In the deep heart of the hills;
Neither sea nor plain enthralls me,
To a lonelier vastness vowed;
'Tis the upper air that calls me,
And the white breast of the cloud.

With the empty blue above me,
With the gale beneath my wing,
I must woo the void to love me,
Teach the silent air to sing.
As the wanderer knows the highways,
As the sailor knows the sea,
So the shifting, trackless byways
Yield their mysteries to me.

Where the great wind-currents hold me
In their treacherous, chill embrace;
Where the curling mists enfold me—
There my heart has found her place.
As the wild air-tides are riven
Where I press my burning flight,
To their charge my life is given,
And my soul to their delight.

A REPLY TO ENGLAND

(A reply to a poem of Alfred Austin's, 1898)

ON wings of a wind that sweeps
The wild northeastern sea,
Sounding over the vibrant deeps
Where the great swift ships ride free,
We have heard the song of a wakening hope, a
glory that yet may be.

We have challenged the welcome voice,
And this is the word we hear:
"Because you have made the nobler choice
To all free peoples dear,
To break the force of a tyrant-grasp, and end the
rule of fear;

"Because you have risen at length,
In your old heroic guise,
And thrown the shield of your love and strength
Over a race that dies,
Striving and bleeding before your gates, under
your pitying eyes;

"For this brave passion, we—
Who alone can understand,
Because we are kindred souls and free—
We stretch you a brother's hand!
And who shall face us, together, nor bend to our
high command?"

This is the voice that calls
O'er the track of the flying ships,
Set to the tune of a song that falls
Sweetly from poet-lips,
The song of a living love and faith, long darkened
by strange eclipse.

And the heart within us leaps
Till a burning word takes flight:
Waken, O giant power that sleeps!
O Star of Hope, give light!
For the day when we two stand as one is a day
that finds no night.

Away with the "ancient wrong"—
With the "wornout tale" of hate!
We have felt the touch, we have heard the song,
For which the ages wait;
We have read the rune of a royal dream on the
shining roll of Fate.

And we trace the message plain
Which the Hand of God hath lined—
Never for lust of power or gain
Be our splendid strength combined;
Only for right, for law and light, and the Soul
that guides mankind.

Oh, song on the wind that sweeps
The wild northeastern sea,
Sound once more o'er the vibrant deeps
For a truth that yet shall be—
For the day when we two stand as one, guarding
a world set free!

BELGIUM

HEART-struck she stands—Our Lady of all
Sorrows,

Circled with ruin, sunk in deep amaze,
Facing the shadow of her dark tomorrows,
Mourning the glory of her yesterdays.

Yet is she queen by every royal token,
There, where the storm of desolation swirled;
Crowned only with the thorn, despoiled and broken,
Her kingdom is the heart of all the world.

She made her breast a shield, her sword a splendor,
She rose like flame upon the darkened ways;
So, through the anguish of her proud surrender
Breaks the clear vision of undying praise!

SALUTATION

FILL a cup to Belgium,
 **Hail—was hail!*

She who found the hidden shrine
 Of the Holy Grail.

Drain a cup to Belgium,
 Drink—drink hail!

Nay, the cup is red within
 As the sunset's trail!

Who can drink of Belgium's cup?
 Hail—was hail!

It is brimmed with blood and tears;
 Is not this the Grail?

Lift the cup to Belgium,
 Drink—drink hail!

Nay, she drained it all alone—
 She who dared not fail.

For the Knight who is her King—
 Hail—was hail!

Held it, smiling, to her lips,
 Eager lips, though pale.

Bend the knee to Belgium,
 Drink—drink hail!

See, her cup is all alight,—
 She hath found the Grail!

* The ancient Saxon salutation, "was hail"—"be well." Hence wassail. Also "trink haile," or "drink health."

THE JESTERS

EV'N he, the master of the songs of life,
May speak at times with less than certain
sound;

“He jests at scars that never felt a wound,”—
So runs his word. Yet on the verge of strife,
They jest not who have never known the knife;
They tremble who in the waiting ranks are found,
While those scarred deep on many a battle-ground
Sing to the throbbing of the drum and fife.
They laugh who know the open, fearless breast,
The thrust, the steel-point, and the spreading stain,
Whose flesh is hardened to the searing test,
Whose souls are tempered to a high disdain;
Theirs is the lifted brow, the gallant jest,
The long, last breath, that holds a victor-strain

SAINTE JEANNE OF FRANCE

SAINTE JEANNE went harvesting in France,
But ah! what found she there?
The little streams were running red,
And the torn fields were bare;
And all about the ruined towers
Where once her king was crowned,
The hurtling plows of war and death
Had scored the desolate ground.

Saint Jeanne turned to the hearts of men,
That harvest might not fail;
Her sword was girt upon her thigh,
Her dress was silvern mail;
And all the war-worn ranks were glad
To feel her presence shine;
Her smile was like the mellow sun
Along that weary line.

She gave her silence to their lips,
Her visions to their eyes,
And the quick glory of her sword
She lent to their emprise;
The shadow of her gentle hand
Touched Belgium's burning cross,
And set the seal of power and praise
On agony and loss.

Sainte Jeanne went harvesting in France,
And oh! what found she there?
The brave seed of her scattering
In fruitage everywhere;
And where her strong and tender heart
Was broken in the flame,
She found the very heart of France
Had flowered to her name.

OLD TREASURES

OH, things once treasured, things that cannot
die!

Your mute appeal is sharper than a cry;
From your light touch no force can set us free;
Poor, frail, abandoned toys of memory;
Wreckage of lives passed out beyond recall,
By dear, lost hands once cherished, and let fall;
Strewn sadly o'er the ways our feet must tread;
Viewed with keen pangs of tenderness and dread;
Unused, inert; the dreariest ghosts are ye,
Doomed to a lifeless immortality,
Touched by vain kisses, watered by vain tears,
Left stranded on the bitter verge of years,
Till Time at last shall fling you, as he must,
Into unmarked oblivion—dust to dust!

This be your word, poor drift of lives gone by:
That only lives whose gift it is to die.

BY ORDER OF THE PEOPLE

FOR what, in the sight of Heaven, do the young
soldiers die—

The flower of France and England—think you they
know not why?

On the stormy floods of battle like straws their lives
are tost,

That the rule of the just free peoples be not for-
ever lost.

And we, who have wrought our freedom, see we no
sign, no light?

Shall the reek of carnage blind us to the white star
of right?

Where are the souls of our fathers, full statured
men, who saw

That Christ, Who died for the people, had left to
the world a Law?

This is the law to bind us, when sense and self go
wild,—

That the sword be strong for mercy, that the shield
be over the child,

That the great eternal standards ride high above
the strife,

And the Soul of a mighty people be dearer than
blood or life.

THE SONG

A LONG the misty beaches, where the great
wind-voices cry,
Where the sea's reverberant thunder sends its chal-
lenge to the sky,
And its distant echoes lure us, from the countries
where they die—
A song is sounding on.

I can hear it, clear and urgent, over all the breakers'
rage;
It is pleading for the memory of a noble heritage;
'Twas a woman's voice that sang it, in a lost heroic
age—
Its call is sounding on.

*"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored.
He has loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift
sword;
His truth is marching on."*

It is calling with the sea-winds far across the
troubled wave,
Where Belgium in her beauty lies all one trampled
grave,

And still her proud defenders lift the paean of the
brave—

Her soul is marching on!

It cries along the bloody fields, from Russia back
to France,

Where the great united nations hold the savage
foe's advance.

Where the stars above the trenches meet the sol-
dier's dying glance—

Its call is sounding on.

*"I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of
steel;*

*As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My grace
shall deal;*

*Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with
his heel,*

Since God is marching on."

My country—oh, my country! Clear-sighted once
and strong,

A shield for the defenseless and a flame against the
wrong,

True to the ringing echoes of that mighty marching
song

That still is sounding on—

My country—oh, my country! The dreadful fires
are free!
Their children died in burning homes, and ours upon
the sea.
By Christ who died for mercy, is it nothing unto
thee,
While God is marching on?

*"He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call
retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment
seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! Be jubilant, my
feet!
Our God is marching on."*

TO THE MOTHERS

MOTHERS of men, do you not know
What you gave to the world in your hour of
woe?

Born of courage, and doomed to stress,—
A man for the tasks of men—no less!

Mothers of women, can you not feel
What all the signs of your life reveal?
You have brought forth love, with its sword and
fire,
And love's high crown is the lost desire.

Mothers of men, have you not known
That the soul of the child is not your own?
If God has sealed him for palm and cross,
To hold him close were your bitter loss.

Mothers, mothers, will you not see
All that your gift to the world may be?
These who must fight a wrong abhorred
Are Michael's angels, who bear the sword.

Mothers of men, then loose your hold!
Love grants more than your arms enfold;
Under the Cross you stand apart
With Mary's sword in your dauntless heart.

THE POETS

DEAR weavers of the unending song,
Of the dream that shines forever,
Follow me out of the weary throng
To the fields of fair endeavor.

Follow me where the pipers play
That lure the wanderer's spirit,
Into the land of laughing day
That the ever-young inherit.

Dear children of the undying light,
Of the never-lost desire,—
Ye shall find the stars in the heart of night,
Though the cloud may veil their fire.

Out of your souls shall never die
The wind-wrought spell of morning;
The world shall watch your steps go by,
Half wistful, and half in scorning.

Dear lovers of the eternal dream,
Of the fleeting fair endeavor,—
Follow me where the white stars gleam,
And souls are young forever.

A ROOM

THIS is the room: the void bleak space
Where set the starlight of her face.
Within it, life's persistent cry
Drops to the echo of a sigh;
Its few poor treasures shrink and pine
Like wreaths on some forsaken shrine;
And on its melancholy walls
Coldly the morning radiance falls.
Death's shadow drove its soul of light
Far upward, beyond dream of sight,
And left it here, in lonely state,—
Bare, silent, dim, disconsolate.

A DEATH.

I SAW a woman stand beside a bed
Where lay her love of years, but one hour dead.
She stood dry eyed, as one who finds no balm
For an old grief, long held in bitter calm.
The silence throbbed. At last her cold lips stirred,
And through their whiteness crept one quiet word,
Brought from the deep of some unuttered woe:
"How should I weep? He died long years ago!"

THE FIRST LOVE

SHE is yours, without sigh or scorning,
Your lady of youth and dream;
She is lost, as we lose the morning
But keep the dew and the gleam.
She has given you song and laughter,
She has opened the doors of pain,
And whatever gift comes after
Is rich with her spirit's gain.

All loves that your life has cherished,
All lips that your lips have kissed,
Shall be sweet with the grace that perished,
Shall be dowered with the charm you missed.
She will flit like a wraith before you,
As you look in your love's calm eyes,
And the tempest of grief that tore you
Shall seem as a wind that sighs.

You shall hear her far-off singing
In the rustling trees at night,
And her by-gone laughter ringing
In the children's young delight;
For the notes that love has fluted
When the years were sweet and long,
To the being of life transmuted,
Are held in every song.

THE WIRES

WE are the nerves of the world,
The threads of fate are we,
Whether in coil and spiral curled,
Or flung over land and sea;
From hoards of the ages brought,
The great rocks yield our life;
With flame and force is our being wrought,
With throes of toil and strife.

Over the whole round globe
Our mighty web is spun,
Woven out, as a gleaming robe,
In shimmer of snow and sun;
Drawn from the clods of earth,
By a mounting, hot desire,
We come, to circle its utmost girth
With meshes of prisoned fire.

We span the bounds of space
With burning, outstretched hands;
The speech and soul of a wakening race
Ride on our vivid strands;
We start the viewless waves,
Bearing their hidden song,
And toss them down through our slender staves
To the heart of a waiting throng.

We lift the torch of light;
We drive the wheels of power;
Our careless force, through the day and night,
Smites down the opposing hour;
We make the shining way
On which man's word may fare;
He gives his hope to our vibrant sway,
His dream to our paths of air.

We are the harp of the world,
The chords of life are we;
Through us the song of the sphere is hurled
In a storm of harmony;
Forged in the sullen deeps,
Strung through the void above,
We ring with a note that never sleeps—
The note of a world-wide love.

THE CORAL-BUILDERS

Poor coral-builders, shall our work remain?
Shaping an island in the eternal sea,
Whose great tides sweep around our toil and pain
With laugh and gleam, in baffling mystery.
What vision moves us, striving mightily
To weld our lives into the desolate strand?—
We see the sun and stars of years to be
Rising in wonder on the living land!

INTERPRETED

A WIND came shoreward, flavored with the sea;
Herding the waves it came,
Driving them trampling on, as they would flee
Before the morning's flame.

It woke them to the inarticulate song
Of spaces wild and stark,
Where spars of icy starlight trail along
Cold stretches of the dark.

It reached a stern old pine-tree, standing far
Above the gleaming beach;
And then I heard the call of sea and star
Translated into speech!

THE CALL SUPREME

WE toil to the goal, strong-hearted, giving nor
sight nor heed
To Love, as he goes before us, flitting with careless
speed;
Sudden he turns in the pathway, smiling—"How
fares the day?"
And naught is left for the striving—only to go his
way!

IN A HOSPITAL WARD

THIS is the hallway to the courts of Death,
Where mournful crowds besiege his inner gate;
Here, prone in piteous rows, they rest and wait,
And measure weary hours with long-drawn breath.
Ah, house where none for pleasure entereth!
Far from the clamorous cries of love or hate,
Here Pain and Patience dwell in lonely state,
And here the dumb soul learns its shibboleth,
Password to unknown regions. Come, my heart,
Steal in, and watch the battle fought and won;
Look into wistful eyes, where no tears start;
And in these silent victories, praised by none,
Mark how the dauntless spirit plays its part,
Though the spent frame be vanquished and un-
done!

LOVE'S REFUGE

LOVE fled from Death on a summer's day,
Lightly trod over fern and flower;
"Ah, Death," he cried, "when the world is gay,
Seek me not, but await thine hour!
I am welcome wherever I go;
Gladness follows my steps," said he;
"For love hath not in the world a foe,
But thee—but thee!"

Love came to Death on a winter's night,
Knocked and cried at the cold, closed door;
"Shelter me, Death, from storm and blight!
Wilt thou forget me forevermore?
Life pursues to a cruel end;
Refuge only is here," said he;
"For Love hath not in the world a friend
But thee—but thee!"

THE HUNTING-CALL OF SPRING

CLEAR wind the horns of Spring again,
(Hark, forward—hark!)

O'er mellowing hills they ring again,

Farewell to cold and dark!

Up, up! and brush the dew away;

The sun comes laughing through the gray,

To gild the flying robes of May;

Hark, forward—hark!

The hordes of hope are out again;

(Hark, forward—hark!)

Room for the merry rout again,

Whose revels chase the dark!

Their couriers are the dancing showers,

And through the song-awakened hours

The bright ranks follow—flowers on flowers;

Hark, forward—hark!

Beside the hurrying stream again,
 (Hark, forward—hark!)

We'll find our last year's dream again,
 Where pipes the meadow-lark.

Come, love of mine, earth's fairest thing,
With eyes that shine and lips that sing,
Haste to the ringing call of Spring!
 Hark, forward—hark!

NIGHT SONG

COME, my soul, and to thy fastness
 Flee away;
Close the shadowy doors of silence
 On the day.

Come, and let all hope and passion
 Fall to rest;
Let the sphinx of midnight fold thee
 To her breast:

She whose ears nor moan nor murmur
 Ever reach,
And whose lips are closed to question
 And to speech;

She whose eyes are as the brooding
Lights of fate,
And whose silence to thy sorrow
Answers—Wait!

Thou shalt learn in that pure stillness
What thou art—
All the wonder and the wisdom
Of thy heart.

Not in dreams, for they are shadows;
Not in sleep—
That is soulless: but in vision
Clear and deep;

In the rest nor pain nor longing
Put to flight;
In the sweet and cold Nirvana
Of the night.

Learn the power, the calm, the worship
That shall be.
Come, my soul! For in the darkness
Thou art free.

A PORTRAIT

NOT hers the surly tigress' brutal grace,
The leopard's rather; fairer to the view,
Lithe, sinuous, deadly. If she smile on you
Dreamily, with great eyes in that white face,
Scarce can you tell if love or hate have place
In your heart's tumult. But her gauge is true;
She planned the moment when her fixed eyes drew
Your soul to hers and bridged the dizzy space.
Dread instincts guide her, and are quick to tell
What art may serve her wish,—to hold aloof,
To fawn, to tempt, to strike. She fashions well
Her net of soft allurements, warp and woof;
And no man breaks from that pervasive spell
Till heart and flesh and soul are put to proof.

ON EXHIBITION

A GOLDEN EAGLE

I SAW him, nobly poised, imprisoned there,
In a poor place, housed in a narrow cage;
That royal spirit, lord of the upper air,
With great wings folded, mute in sullen rage.
And all the luster of the golden noons,
And all the splendor of the scattered stars,
And the fair glory of unclouded moons,
Met in that lightning glance, behind the bars.

Those untamed eyes that answered to the sun,
Now glittering in the dimness, turned on me;
I shall remember till my race is run
The still, proud anguish of that voiceless plea.

THE MONKEYS

I, who laughed at first at the little solemn sages,
Quaint and smileless creatures, wrinkled as with
years,
Felt the sudden weight of the sorrow of the ages—
Saw the weird, small faces through a mist of tears.

A BLACK PANTHER

In dumb, unwearied protest, to and fro,
He paces, pausing but for food and sleep.
Oh, for a song to voice the hidden woe
Of those wild souls that cannot plead nor weep!

NEW YORK

THE air and the wave enfold her,
River and sky and sea;
Cradled in light they hold her,
Circled in mystery.
With a tender touch they drape her,
At morning and eventide,
In a film of jewelled vapor
Fit for a royal bride.

The stars of the night have crowned her,
In pageant full o'erhead;
And far, to the verge around her,
Her zone of light is spread.
The subject seas have brought her
All that their tides control;
And the joy of the breathing water
Quickens her inmost soul.

Where is her peer in splendor?
Whom shall she own as lord?
Richest that earth can render
Down at her feet is poured.
Yet can no glories win her
To deep and pure repose,
For the strong, proud heart within her
Aches with a thousand woes.

She who was made to cherish
Toiler and waif and slave,
Weeps that her children perish,
Spoiled of the hope she gave;
Mourns for her freedom's dower,
Lost in the strife for gold,
While the sword of her sovereign power
Drops from her listless hold.

Yet, as the tides sweep round her,
Her mighty pulses thrill,
And the chains that long have bound her
Shake with her wakening will.
Slowly the links are broken;
Shall not she bear at last
Only the solemn token
Of pain and thralldom past?

The air and the wave enfold her,
River and sky and sea;
Lo! in a dream behold her,
Crowned as she yet may be!
Still is she freedom's daughter,
Noble in joy or dole;
And the life of the great glad water
Quickens her inmost soul.

THE WATERFALL

HERE, where the eternal waters fling themselves,
Motion itself stands still. The flashing storm
Of change has wrought itself in changeless form,
Sculptured in white between the rocky shelves.

Over this ledge the centuries are hurled,
Fixed in one mighty instant; and all time
Sounds in a single multitudinous chime,
Here in a green cleft of the lonely world.

A SONG OF KINDRED

HARK! how the strong seas shout
To the pines on the mountainside;
"Sing, brothers, sing! for the winds are out,
And the path of their flight is wide!
We leap, at flood of the tide,
To the base of your rooted rock.
Feel you the thrill as the deep caves fill?
Hear you the breakers' shock?
Hail, brothers, hail!
Send your song on the western gale.
Loud is the wind in every tree,
But you alone can voice the tone
Of the full-throated sea. •
From you alone can our echoes ring;
Sing, brothers, sing!"

Hark! how the great pines cry
From the inland forest places,
Sending the mountain-land's reply
Out to the wild sea-spaces,
Where the mad wave swells and races
Under the tide-wind's hand.
"Hail, all hail! We swing to the gale,
And shrill to your brave command.
Rock, rock and chime!

Back we fling your iterant rhyme,
In a rush of harmony!
Loud is the wind in every tree,
But we alone can harp the tone
Of the deep-breasted sea.
From us alone can your echoes fall!
Call, brothers, call!"

WITHOUT INTENT

THIS is a truth, though it be strange to hear:
One may shed light upon another's way
All unaware. Some life-inspiring ray
May shine from one who never held us dear;
And some slight hand deliver us from fear
Not knowingly stretched toward us. What we see
Or feel, or dream another's life to be—
When by our love we bring its influence near—
Marks on the soul its secret, deep impress.
Hope comes, unrecognized, and scarce desired,
From some mere touch of truth or tenderness.
So, without knowledge, heart by heart is fired;
And yonder laughing child does more to bless
Than priest or prophet consciously inspired.

THE SONG OF THE GUNNER

SHE lies within her bracings, with her muzzle out
to sea,

She is sleeping, darkly sleeping, in 'the sun;
She is waiting for the fiery touch that sets her
thunders free,

For the reckoning when her savage rest is done.

Oh, my lady, oh, my pet!

I shall hear your music yet,
When the foe shall set his broadside to my gun!

As I stroke her iron shoulder, heaving with the
heaving deck,

From her throat a hollow murmur seems to start;
As I whisper, as I listen, with my arm upon her
neck,

Do I hear a sullen throbbing from her heart?

Oh, my beauty, my delight!

When you speak, by day or night,
Earth from heaven—soul from body—strain apart.

Watching mutely through the midnight, watching
warily through the day,

While a brooding blackness veils her eye of fire,
As the tiger, crouching dumbly, waits to seize the
gliding prey,

Holding leashed the secret force of his desire,
So she lingers, set to stand
To the motion of my hand.
Till my summons wakes the tempest of her ire.

When the call shall sound to action she shall tremble
in her greed;
She shall know me, for her heart and mine are
one!
I shall loose her rocking thunders, I shall fit the
bolts that speed,
Straight to rend, and strong to shatter, swift to
stun;
All her mighty thews shall thrill
To the passion of my will,
And my soul shall send the message of my gun!

Still she lies within her bracings, with her muzzle
out to sea;
And I stroke her till her steely shoulders shine;
And she slumbers without token of the fury that
shall be
When the foe shall set his broadside on her line.
Oh, my lady, my delight!
When I swing you round to sight,
Death shall follow, and your triumph shall be mine!

IF WORDS COULD REACH THEE

DEAR soul, if words could reach thee,
What message should be thine!
New readings of love's hidden lore,
From this blind heart of mine;
New wisdom wrung from living,
By death alone made clear;
Dear soul, if words could reach thee,
Thou would'st be glad to hear!

Dear Love, if grief could touch thee,
How well thy heart would know
The passion of untold regret,
The helpless tears that flow
For days unblest and weary
Through life's too stern demand.
Dear soul, if grief could touch thee,
Thy heart would understand!

Dear heart, if Love can find thee,
(He knows the larger way),
Then must thou hear the broken song
He brings to thee to-day,
And with the old sweet welcome
Give solace to his pain;
Dear heart, if Love can find thee,
He will not plead in vain!

ON THE PLAINS

WORLD-wide space, and the sky above;
Open light, that no shadow mars;
Earth is a star with the other stars,
And heaven is near enough to love.

Waves of green on an endless sea;
Streaks of bloom, that are tossed like foam;
The sun and the wind are here at home,
And here the cloud and the storm go free.

Royal night, and the veil withdrawn,
Blinding glitter of starry spears;
Changing glory of days and years,
Perfect splendor of dusk and dawn.

Earth's clear breast, and the sky above;
World-wide spaces, and full, free breath;
Here life looks in the eyes of death,
And God is near, for the soul to love.

"TO WHOM SHALL WE GO?"

ONE Hand alone, outstretched, unfaltering,
Can reach us, where our broken lives were tost;
Ye, who stand safe, may scorn us as we cling;
But oh! the Hand is warm,—and we were lost!

THE LION CAGED

FOR hours, with furtive, forceful tread,
He paces slow, in sad disdain;
His limbs by formless longings led
That thrill their giant thews like pain.

Or, flinging full his shaggy length,
Fronting the bars, inert he lies;
The frenzies of his captive strength
Flame up, and darken, in his eyes.

What moves within his soul, who dwelt
Between the naked earth and sky,
Who with his strenuous pulses felt
The swinging sphere in harmony?

What anguish of his helpless state
Stills his vast bulk to sullen rest?
Till some blind impulse—fierce, elate—
Strikes like a sting through brain and breast!

Some arrowy gleam of tropic suns,
That quickened once his splendid might,
Through all his troubled being runs,
And floods his yellow eyes with light.

The cold, sweet breath of forest streams,
Wind-blown between the vengeful bars;
The lusts of Spring; the savage dreams;
The ranging hunt beneath the stars;

Strange living memories, dumbly voiced,
They rend him as he lies forlorn,—
The strong brute spirit, that rejoiced
In unveiled glories of the morn!

So with his leap the prison shakes;
And as his mighty head he rears,
From his wild bosom hoarsely breaks
The passion of his wasted years.

Then, slowly, as the vision dies,
The narrow walls, with conquering stress,
Constrain him—and once more he lies,
Dull, helpless, stricken, passionless!

Yet who may flout him? Still he shows
A shape of power, as he were free;
And fear still guards him as he goes,
And crowns his ruined majesty.

THE HERMES OF PRAXITELES

THIS Hermes bears an aspect too divine
For Zeus' light-heeled and trick-brained messenger;
senger;

We cannot fancy those deep curls astir
In breezy flight, nor those calm eyes ashine
With scintillant mirth and madness. How benign
Those straight still brows! So fair a minister
Was princely Gabriel, as he bent to her
Who asked him, awe-struck, "Can such grace be
mine?"

From those sweet lips what golden message came,
Forever stilled! The Heavens are silent now,
Or only speak in wind and whispering bough.
Now dwells the Word within no rhythmic span
Of song or rune, but in the heart of man,
Divinely breathed, it kindles like a flame!

NOT IN THE HAND I LOVE

WHEN for my sin Thou chastenest me, O Lord,
And man must be Thine instrument of woe,
In the stern hand of some unvanquished foe
Place Thou the power to smite me, and the sword!
Not in the hand I love, oft held in mine,
For joy or comfort, through the changing day;
Or if that hand must wound me, let it slay!
That from its lost clasp I may pass to Thine.

THE KITTEN

SMALL, sinuous thing, sleek shape of grace,
Within thy drowsy babyhood
There dwells that smouldering spark of race
Which flames forth in the jungle brood;
In thy curled softness lies asleep
The splendor of the tiger's leap.

Thine eyes a jewel-gleam disclose,
Where lurks that soul of fierce desire
That through the tropic midnight glows
In two bright spheres of baleful fire.
So Nature, in some wayward hour,
Draws in small lines her types of power.

Thy velvet footfalls, as they glide,
Recall the beauty and the dread
Of that long, crouching, sinewy stride,
That furtive, fierce, forth-reaching head;
We feel that deadly presence pass,—
The dry, slow rustle in the grass.

Since in thy lithe, swift gentleness
Such hints of power and blight are shown,
What kinship must the soul confess
With forces mightier than her own?
What beast, what angel, shall have sway,
When we have reached our utmost day?

A PRAYER

FATHER of all who live,
Lord of our destiny,
Choose from the ranks of the brave, I pray,
The friend Thou giv'st to me!

From those who have striven with Thee,
And have met Thee face to face,
In the might of Thine awful Fatherhood,
Thy stern, unsparing grace.

From those who have fought and won,
And lightly worn the crown,
Counting praise as a boon unsought,
Scorning the deed's renown.

From those who have fought and lost,
And have wrested joy and power
From the very hands of the conquering foe,
In the bitter, breathless hour.

From those who, in lonely days,
In darkness and defeat,
Have stood to fate with a dauntless will,
In the strong soul's last retreat.

Giver of gracious gifts,
Lord of the life to be!
Choose, I pray, from the ranks of the brave,
The friend Thou giv'st to me.

RHYMES OF AN OLD HOME

I

THE PASSER-BY

IN a cold, drifting rain,
On a dreary night,
I went hurrying by a house
With windows all alight;
Hurrying to my shelter
At a strange fireside,
I passed by the old home,
Where my mother died.

There was my own room,
Where I dwelt for years,
Harbor of uncounted dreams,
Of unreckoned tears;
Ah, from its every corner
Shall not ghosts arise,
Moaning low to alien ears,
Frighting alien eyes?

In the rain, in the night,
Sped I past the place,
The lights of a stranger's home
Shining in my face;
With me walked the dead days,
The woes forever gone,—
And the old house seemed to sigh,
As I hastened on.

II

THE NEW HOUSEHOLDER

Who sits under my roof-tree?
One whom I have not known;
He dug not the old foundations,
He laid not a single stone;
Where a thousand echoes greet me,
He hears no word nor breath,
And the walls that to me are lettered,
To him are as blank as death.

Here I come as a stranger,
Faring at his behest;
Here he rules as the master,
Greeting a haunted guest;
For, as I sit by his fireside,
Faintly I see and hear
The light of a by-gone presence,
The call of an old-time cheer.

Here I wept in the darkness,
(Hark, how the old griefs cry!)
Here she lay in her beauty,
She who can never die.
Aye, though he pay the purchase,
I have the right divine!
His is the shell—the shadow,—
The soul of the house is mine.

NOCTURNE

HOW cool, how spacious, how serene the night!
How the great transports and wide destinies
Of that unbounded life to which we tend
Now show themselves in glimpses! Piercing bright
Those quick looks of the stars between the boughs,
Flashes of prophecy. The somber trees
Are massed in denser dark against the void,—
Vast spheres of shadow, where all mysteries blend,
With subtle movement and with deep-drawn sighing.

My soul, thou sleeping Titan, prostrate lying,
Lulled by the day,—now stir as if to rise;
Push back the hair from slumber-weighted brows,
And gaze awhile, with bright bewildered eyes,
Upon thy kindred stars. O blinding gleam!
O quickening breath of Night that clears my dream!

Love, in a prison-house thou holdest me
Of narrow longings and enthralling woe.
For once I'll say: Unbar, and let me go,
To breathe a larger air! This hour sets free
The slave of light and time—but yet to-morrow
I would steal back to the old love and sorrow!

THE AWAKENING

DARKNESS—silence—scarce a breath;
Love is lying marble-still.

Is it sleep, or is it death?

Can the full heart pause at will?

She who loves sits desolate,

Whelmed in midnight cold and deep;

While her very pulses wait,

Asking, is it death or sleep?

(Still thee, Soul! Whate'er it be,

Quell the passion in thy breast.

Questioned, Love must rise and flee;

Keep thy vigil; let him rest.

Stir not, while he slumbers on,

Till he sigh and softly rise;

Then shalt thou, who deemed him gone,

Feel his kiss upon thine eyes!)

Darkness! But her gasping breath

Cuts the silence like a cry;

She will know if this be death,

Though her trembling gladness fly!

On her lamp's rim breaks a spark,

Waxes to a slender flame;

And her white face, 'gainst the dark,

Shows, a mask of fear and shame.

Slowly moves the fiery blot
Over flower-traced wall and floor.
(Wake him not—ah, wake him not!
Love awakened dreams no more!)
Slips the light, at her command,
O'er the fair extended form,
O'er the listless, curving hand,
O'er the pure lips, breathing warm.

Is it sleep, or is it death?
Ah, she knows! The white lids rise,
Now unveiling, in a breath,
All the glory of his eyes!
Love upsprings beneath her gaze,
Fleeting, flashing through the night,—
Leaving all the air ablaze
With the radiance of his flight!

L'ENVOI

Keep thy vigil, doubting Soul;
Still thee, till Love's sleep be o'er;
Wait thy doom of joy or dole:
Love, so roused, is thine no more!

THE CONQUERING THRUST

WHAT wound smote deepest to the mightiest
Heart

That ever knew earth's loving and earth's pain?
The thrust of Judas, who for trivial gain
Flung Heaven behind him, and bade hope depart?
The surging crowd's mad rage? The aimless dart
Of swift, unthinking mockery, light and vain?
All these, in sooth, might that great Heart dis-
dain,
While Love, though mute and helpless, bore its
part.
But when Love shrank and failed, and three times
played
The dastard, was not this the sorest blow?
Oh, not the sordid spirit that betrayed,
Not the stern captor, nor the taunting foe,
But he who flinched—the friend who was afraid—
Wrung from those kingly eyes the appeal of woe!

IN OLD HAUNTS

HERE, in old haunts, your dear remembered
graces,

Like summer blooms returning, come to view;
My heart builds shrines along the wayside places
Where I have been with you.

OUT AT SEA

UNNUMBERED waves, and unshadowed light!
Limitless glory, that fades to sight
With the dusk, and the star-inspired night!

Through circles of light and dark she slips,
Under the arch-ways of dawn she dips,
The one most precious of all the ships.

Whelmed in azure, 'twixt gulf and space,
She holds in her narrow housing-place
A little world, with its life and grace;

A pearl held loosely in God's strong hand,
A sphere whose course is at His command,
Alone with Him, till she find the land.

My soul is drawn in her gleaming trail;
With her I harbor—with her I fail.
Oh, ship most precious of all that sail!

I know no life, and I find no light,
Save in the track of her wave-bound flight
—I feel her strain to the winds at night!

For there, in her narrow housing-place
Is held awhile between gulf and space
The One whose soul is my star of grace.

ON THE RIVER: AN IMPRESSION

A RIVER of silver and azure,
With gliding ships afloat;
On the farther shore a city,
Golden, serene, remote;
With one fair dome up-rising,
Dim through the tender mist,
Like a stately, pearl-built palace,
With tracings of amethyst.
A boat, with proud sails swelling;
Swift as a dream, she slips
Through vistas of liquid glory,
Between the larger ships;
And whither else is she headed,
And whither could she fare,
But straight to the mystical palace,
To the foot of its shining stair?

Whatever the crew that boards her,
Or the freight she bears away,
She was set afloat as a pleasure-boat,
To carry my soul to-day!
For me are her blue sails spreading,
For me was she launched and manned;
Though I journey away from the river,
Through the slowly darkening land.

She never will reach the palace,
Her sails will never be furled;
She will always lie 'neath a reddening sky,
On the verge of a wonder-world;
And the palace shall vanish never;
And the low sun shall not fail
To light forever the silver river,
The dome, the sky, the sail.

THE NIGHT FLOWER

THE sun hath many worshippers: all day
What fair great flowers send incense to his
shrine,
Forever turning toward his face divine,
And drooping straight when he withdraws his ray!
What delicate morning blooms unfold and sway
Upon their tender stems for his delight,
But shrinking from the first cold touch of night,
Upon their soft breasts fold their dreams away!
So many lovers hath the royal sun:
But night, the sad, fair sibyl, hath but one.
One pure and wondrous flower is fain to know
The lore of her stern lips and brooding eyes,
And, stung by that strange passion, opens slow.
Shines in white fire of ecstasy, and dies.

A GUARDIAN SPIRIT

THE years affright me, love, for in their deeps
May lurk an ambushed woe—the loss of you!
Grief cannot wound me, while your guard is true;
And while your soul keeps watch, dark memory
sleeps.

But, like a ghost, along my pathway creeps
That dream of evil which you hold at bay.
What shall befall me, should you slip away
From my life's clasp?—The sudden terror leaps
Upon my heart, as some wild thing alight,
Whose clutch is death!—Then were my soul laid
bare

To all the sullen hosts of storm and blight.
But while I shrink from that unnamed despair,
Your tender presence steals upon my sight,
With blue eyes shining through the shadowed air.

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SONG OF THE SOULS THAT FAILED

WE come from the wind-swept valleys,
Where the strong ranks clash in might;
Where the broken rear-guard rallies
For its last and losing fight;
From the roaring streets and highways,
Where the mad crowds move abreast,
We come to the wooded by-ways
To cover our grief, and rest.

Not ours the ban of the coward,
Not ours is the idler's shame;
If we sink at last, o'erpowered,
Will ye overwhelm us with scorn or blame?
We have seen the goal, and have striven
As they strive who win or die;
We were burdened and harshly driven,
And the swift feet passed us by.

When we hear the plaudits' thunder,
And thrill to the victors' shout,
We envy them not, nor wonder
At the fate that cast us out;
For we hear one music only,
The sweet, far voice that calls
To the dauntless soul, and lonely,
Who fights to the end, and falls.

We come—outworn and weary—
The unnamed hosts of life;
Long was our march, and dreary,
Fruitless and long our strife;
Out from the dust and the riot,
From the lost, yet glorious quest,
We come to the vales of quiet,
To cover our grief, and rest.

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER

BRIGHT eyes that draw me on
To the brink of flood or fire,

Now flashing near—now gone;

Spurring to keen desire,—

Goading to mad endeavor,

Charm me, allure me, forever!

Now as the eyes of a maid,

Drooping, and half-afraid,

Searching, as veiled eyes can,

The very heart of a man;

Vanishing, fading—and then,

Drawing closer, closer again,

With a sudden flaming grace,

To stare me full in the face;

Now, with a daring boast,

Laughing all fear aside;

Now as the eyes of a ghost,

Haggard, and frozen wide,

Fixed in horror and dread;

Eyes, however ye gleam,

Ye are the lights of my dream,

Wild as the marsh-fires,

Flitting and dancing ahead!

So let me follow, follow,

Over all lands of the world;

The deserts, barren and hollow,

Where the waste rocks are hurled;

The swirling floods of the sea,
The fields of storm and strife;
Wherever the soul rides free
On a hazard of death or life;
Wherever a man may go
For chances of bliss or woe,
Waiting the turn of the hour,
Watchful, swift, debonair,
Borne on the tides of power,
Finding all fortunes fair;
There let me roam or bide
To stress and toil no stranger;
There let me follow my guide,
The soul-lit eyes of danger—
Let me woo, as a man may woo his bride,
The great, wild heart of danger!

TO ONE YOUNG AND FAIR

AS yon dark pine tree, sad with memory,
Looks down upon the violet-blooms that start
Low at its feet, and hymns with loving art
Their gentle grace, in old-world minstrelsy;
So I look down, most dear, and sing of thee,
And feel thy beauty nestling at my heart.

THE FIRE-ENGINES

HARK! As with clang! clang! clang! the iterant
bell

Strikes its imperial note, "Make way! Make
way!"

It holds the clamorous city with its spell

Of instant dread; and dominates the day.

Now through the startled street

The rattling ladders swing, thunder the galloping
feet;

And in one wave of force

The bands of succor speed upon their course.

A man sits there; the reins within his hold

Are as the strands of fate; his watchful gaze,

Tense and unswerving, fronts the dizzying maze

Of moving life before his speed unrolled;

While his strong shoulders sway as if in scorn

Of that relentless peril to which his life is sworn.

The fight is on! Man's soul against the fire,

In hot, exultant ire,

Flame against flame—two giant powers at bay.

Hark! how the distant clangor dies away!

Hail to you, men, that hurtle to the strife!

Whether in death or life,

You win the day!

THE FIRE-FLY

BRIGHT on the summer dark,
Fretting the silver night,
Flashes thy trailing spark,
Thou flower of light.

Where the white day-stars sleep,
Folded in fragrant sod,
Gay vigil dost thou keep,
Small torch of God.

Infinite light, that wakes
In the broad flame of day,
Sparkles in thee, and breaks
In starry spray.

Jester of royal night,
Sport of the festal moon,
Thy glancing, elfish flight
Passes with June.

Brood that an hour destroys,
Mocking the splendid sky,—
Type of a thousand joys,
Flicker and die.

THE CITY IDEAL

OVER the white, shining river, out on its uttermost rim,

Rises a marvelous city, jeweled with fugitive gleams,

Vested in silvery vapors, stately and silent and dim,
City of shadowy towers, city of wonder and dreams.

Darkness may dwell in the mazes under her spires and domes,

Down in her inmost recesses evil may shrink from the light;

Sorrow and struggle and toil may be rife in her manifold homes;

Clamor and clangor and tumult may startle the day and the night.

Yet in her beauty behold her! Silent, gigantic, serene,

Set like a vast musing goddess, shrined by the sky and the bay,

Fair with a splendor prophetic, strong with a purpose unseen,—

This is her image immortal, this is the soul of her clay.

THE FIRE-FLY

RIGHT on the summer dark,

the silver night,

of fight.

A

Risk factors for

December 21, 1900
 December 22, 1900
 December 23, 1900
 December 24, 1900
 December 25, 1900
 December 26, 1900
 December 27, 1900
 December 28, 1900
 December 29, 1900
 December 30, 1900
 December 31, 1900

Love, all mine, while the sun is shining;
 Mine, when the sun is hid, and the moon;
 Mine, while the sun is shining, and the moon;

*Mine, though the last June yield her flowers;
Dearest, through immemorial hours
None have been loved like thee!*

So, as they sat, the immortal night
Wrapped the old earth in still delight
And in the blue deep, clear and far,
Sparkled a new-born star.

THE CLOSING YEAR

NOW falters to its end a wondrous year,
Crowned with strange lights of glory and of
woe,

Splendors of memory, and prophetic glow,
And all that makes life terrible and dear.
The flight of mighty spirits from our sphere
Has quickened all the air. With what stern bliss
They to whom death could never come amiss
Went forth, and left their rich remembrance here!
Theirs is the history now of star and sun;

Creation's music with their song makes rhyme:
While we, who feel great movements scarce begun,
Hear the deep hours struck out with fateful chime;
Nor rest until the breathless age has won
The hard-wrought guerdons of tumultuous time.

THE NEMESIS OF GERMANY

WHAT years, what centuries, shall cleanse your name?

What from the scorn of men shall set you free?
You, who have built of black iniquity
The dreadful pillars of your house of fame.
Echoes of agony shall prolong your shame;
Dead lips shall tell your deeds of infamy;
And all your savage hopes, in days to be,
Shall die like shrivelled leaves before the flame.

The bitter fruitage of your monstrous art
Shall cease not with the ceasing of the strife;
Still shall men enter with a shrinking heart
Sad places where your ravaging lusts were rife;
And stern decrees shall set your soul apart
From all the kindly brotherhoods of life.

YOU THAT HAVE WINGS

LIFE and love are abroad as the birds fly;
Wingless—helpless—how shall I draw them
nigh?

How shall I cross your flight, sweet careless things?
See, I offer dreams from my conscious heart,
Words of love and fire for your wordless art,
Flame that leaps to the light your joyance flings—
You that have wings—you that have wings!

"THE LEGION OF DEATH"

(The Women Soldiers of Russia)

THEIR breasts are free to the sword,
They have challenged the dark undoer;
And Pain is their liege lord,
And Death their chosen wooer.
His fearful pledge they keep,
By his grim shield defended;
He guards their labor and their sleep
Till the high quest is ended.

They have smiled in the eyes of Fear,
They have scorned the idler's dreaming;
No hope have they held dear,
Save for their land's redeeming.
Under the iron rain,
Where bloom and fruit are scattered,
They lie like flowers on the torn plain,
By a wild harvest shattered.

These are the mothers who fall,
The race that here lies bleeding;
Theirs was a bitter call,
Theirs was a deadly breeding.
That freedom may have birth,
That souls may rise from sleeping,
They have slain the love and the dreams of earth,
The bud and the long years' reaping.

THE VIOLIN-PLAYER

I PRESS you to cheek and breast,
My flower-shaped thing of wonder;
You tremble to the unrest
Of my pulses beating under.
The touch of my bow is light
As moth-wings brushing the leaf;
You send through the wistful night
Far calls of rapture and grief.
You tell me intimate things
In a speech beyond all art,
For your strings are the very strings
Of my own living heart.

ON THE RIVER AT NIGHT

THE city writes, in hieroglyphs of fire,
The story of her life, ~
Her stress of toil, her passion of desire,
Her ecstasy of strife.
Each night, on either margin of the stream,
Her page of flame unrolls;
And all along the wave, with varied gleam,
She draws her jeweled scrolls.
Her soul's appeal is flashed upon the night;
While, writ in mightier lines,
With clustered stars, in characters of light,
Some calm, great answer shines.

LOVE IS DEAD

LOVE is dead, they say;
Where is he laid away?
I would see him, stark and fair,
Cut a lock of his shining hair,
Kiss his lips, however cold,—
Poor Love, sweet Love,
Who lived not to grow old.

Love? We laid him here,
On a flower-strewn bier,
Yet he's gone, we know not where.
Lift the pall,—was he ever there?
When his soul is fled away,
His form will never stay.

THE LIGHT SUPREME

ALL the beauty of dusk and star,
All the glory of song and dream,
All the sweetness of things that are,
The magic of things that seem,—
Are gathered in one great shaft of love,
Of light and of melody,
When the still moon, listening, leans above
The great harp of the sea.

THE NIGHT-MOTH

MY night-moth, my white moth, out of the
fragrant dark

Blowing in and growing like a dim star-spark,
So swift in the shifting of your elfin wings,
So slight in your lighting, as a flower that clings,
As a boat to ride the dew, with sheer up-bearing
sails,

Pulsing and breathing, rocked with delicate gales,—
You gleam as a dream, by my window's light,
My white moth, my bright moth, my wandering
wraith of night!

From the velvet screening of a great gray cloud,
The moon floats swiftly, white and open-browed,
Flooding cloud and water with her shining trail,
Till the night shrinks, sighing, behind the radiant
veil;

The night, with her shy soul, to the deep wood
slips—

Her shy soul, her high soul, shrine of all the stars;
And you fly, like the sigh from her tender lips,
Athwart the shifting shadows, beating the silver
bars;

You fleet in the meeting of the dark and bright,—
My light moth, my white moth, spark from the
soul of night!

PRISONER OF LOVE

DAWNS glow and sunsets burn,
May comes with melody,
Vision and light return,
To the clear sea;
Spring finds a way to spurn
The shackled soul of me.

Bird-soul, that flits and sings,
Wind-soul, that moves and sighs,
Moth-spirit, made of wings,
And flower with eyes,—
All sweet and careless things,
Laugh at love's sacrifice.

Night's subtle hours release
Fragrance and witchery;
Clear light and vision cease
On the dim sea.
Only the stars bring peace;
They know the soul of me.

THE PORT OF LONELINESS

I SAIL for the Port of Loneliness,
Under a narrowing sky,
And I must forget the wide sea-fields
Where the far horizons lie,
And the changes wrought in the hollow world
As night and day go by.

I sail for the Port of Loneliness;
Is it an island far
Where a little rippling harbor dwells
Behind the white sea-bar,
And the land hangs on the blue void
Like an uncompanioned star?

Nay, but the Port of Loneliness
Where I have lost my kin,
Is the port where the giant city calls,
With its harsh and wordless din,
Where the green water laps the docks,
And the ships go out and in.

MY LOVE IS THE SEA

MY love is the sea; she is tender and fierce and
gay,

She is subtle and strong in her grace, as a leopard
at play;

To those who fear she is scornful and bitter and
cold,

But her lips are sweet and her breast is warm to
the bold.

My love is the sea; she is royally robed and fine;
She is sphinx and queen, half brutal and half divine;
Death is her friend,—he calls through her loveliest
hour;

His sword is free to her hand in her day of power.

My love is the sea; oh, mighty is she, and strange!
She is fairer than fire; she is mistress of mood and
change;

She has read the dreams of the moon, and their
tale unrolls

To her misty verge, emblazoned in silver scrolls.

My love is the sea; she has sent her challenge far,
Her voice is flung to the void, as from star to star;
The great winds run at her cry, through cloud and
light,

And her breath is the breath of the spheres in the
open night.

My love is the sea; she calls through my nights
and days,
In the wind-swept pines, in the city's sounding
maze;
And out of the throngs who have borne her a
lover's part,
I fling this song to her vast and careless heart.

THE NEMESIS

YE who were cruel, by will or reckless deed,
Ye shall learn what your searing brand hath
wrought;
They who have borne the scars shall scorn your
need,
Though you be humbled in heart, and changed in
thought.

Lo, ye have brought forth Fear, and it will not die;
Love shall flee your touch, though your soul be
shriven.
As a beast, with stealthy step and with muffled cry,
Fear shall follow you, even to the gates of Heaven.

THE LURE

THE sea loves him, and spreads her lure,
Greeting him when the dawn is new;
She, so wary, and passion-pure,
Lovely and fierce and true.

The tale of her jewels was never told;
Pearl and silver under the mist;
Sapphire, opal, dazzle of gold,—
Beryl, and amethyst.

The sea calls him—her nights ablaze
With tangled stars with their alien gleam,
With lanes of light in a moony haze,
Leading him past all dream.

His soul loves her, and will not rest.
Inland, he dreams of her royal wiles,
Sighing vaguely, and ever oppressed,
For lack of her breath and her smiles;

For the mighty push of her salty spray
Over his shoulders, cold and strong,
Where, "Come, beloved," she seems to say,
"Why do I wait so long?"

He will fail at last, through her fearful charms,
He will yield at last to her careless art;
One moment's strife in her strangling arms,
Then—silence under her heart.

THE WIND IN THE TREES

THIS is the echo of the mystic sea,
Sent inland over leagues of barren ground;
The Presence in the forest minstrelsy—
The spirit of all silence, hid in sound.

THE WOOD SPEAKS

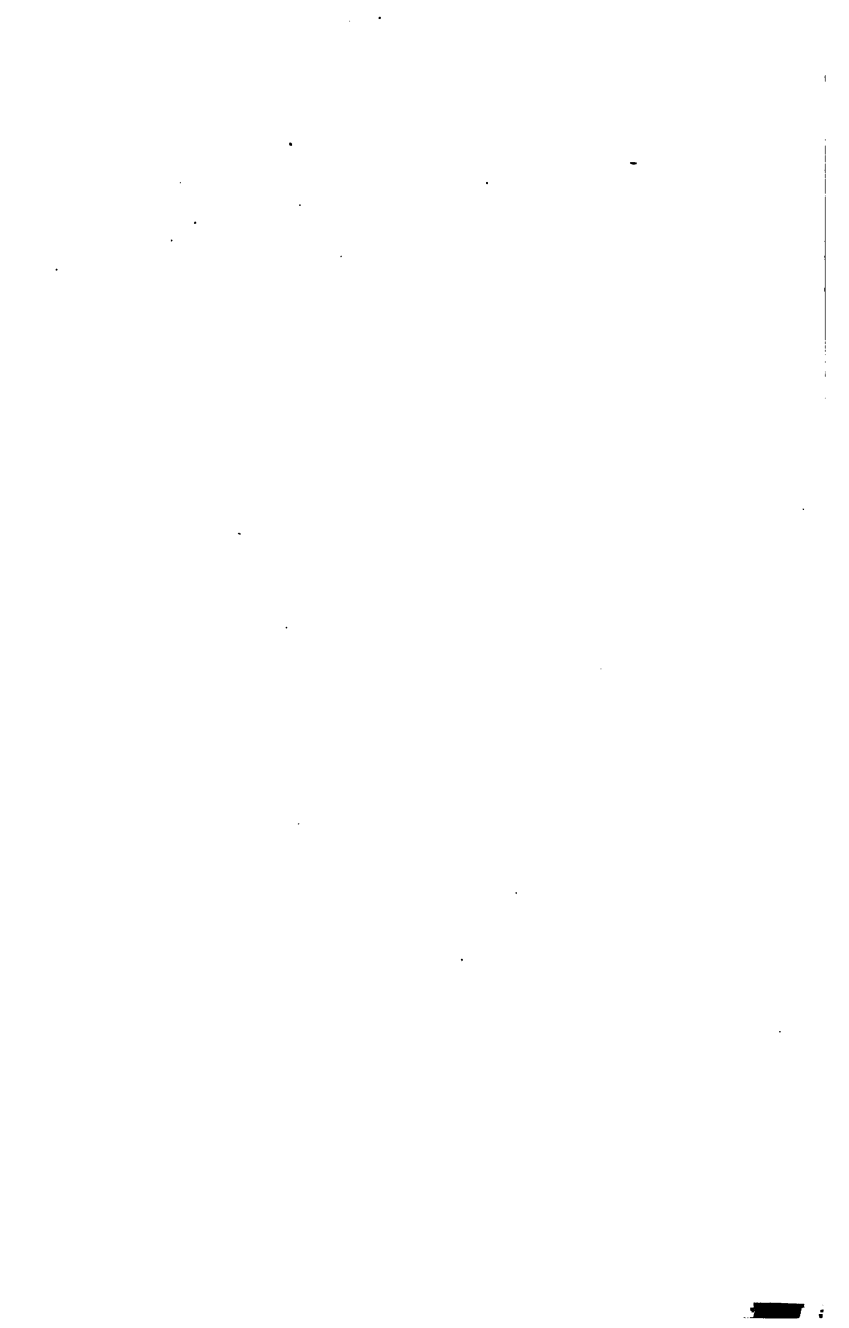
THE wind goes questing; the wood speaks
In its own intimate ways;
And every leaf and frond, half hidden, seeks
Its small insistent phrase.

There is no rhythm, and no song,
The speech is quiet and deep,
Only a whisper—whisper—all along,
Softer than sleep.

Not as the prophet sea, whose sound
Is far-drawn and remote;
This is a friendly stir across the ground,
A tender, searching note.

As if one, leaning, took your hand,
And said, "Will you not hear?
I bring you rest, if you will understand;
Come near—come near!"







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